The Bomb Shell of To-day

By

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI, B.A., B.L.

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(A Criticism of Miss Mayo's Mother India)

By

Mr. K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI, B.A.,B.L.

District Judge, Ramnad

With an Introduction

By

Mr. A. K. MUNI

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INTRODUCTION

I owe an apology to Mr. K. S. Ramaswami Sastri a poet critic, scholar and philosopher of international fame, for the long delay in giving publicity to his 'Bomb Shell of to-day'.

The esteemed Author has given a brilliant opportunity to the reader to revel in the panoramas of the Goddess India. How beautifully has he pictured the Race Horse and the Pious Cow! The din of the West and the peace of the East, one can clearly see in the book. How he abhors the artificial contrivances of the West even to smile and weep! Miss Mayo's mischievous attacks on the vaishnavic symbols can be well answered by the jutting Peninsula alone! I dare say that this book can be modern even two thousand years hence. The book decidedly suggests that Miss Mayo of about 60 winters can never be expected to bloom with wisdom.

What if she might have overlooked the Himalayas, the tallest Hindu Gods? What if her mouth watered at the sight of the Pious Cow? What if she might have even thought that no American goose could ever be dirty enough to bathe in the Ganges?

What indecent things have not been done by the Sunday-Club founded by Captain H. H. Vincent in the name, of fashion'. Thousands of its male and female Members indeed, it is a pity, should be spending their time in glaring nakedness. About thirty lakhs of people, for the last fifty years, have been living, like this, in some western countries according to the A-B. Patrika.

Could the atrocious fashion ever go further?

Here is an extract from "the Christian" of London which throws an interesting side-light on the civilisation of Miss Mayo's wonderful land: —

"So many trans-Atlantic criminal methods have spread to this country since the War ended that news of any fresh phase of organized criminality in the United States causes a certain degree of uneasy interest here. American towns are experiencing a new visitation of terror on account of the activities of gangs who have discovered a further means of extorting money from peaceful citizens. These gangs are instituting organizations which members of the public are individually invited to join, membership involving the payment of a fee. Those who join are guaranteed exemption from violence at the hands of the particular gang concerned. Those who decline to submit to this system of extortion are forthwith maimed in such a way as to make it impossible for them to continue their employment. Thus, a Chicago dental mechanic had all the bones in his hands broken—as the price of defying one criminal gang. This new horrible menace is but a further phase in the history of the American gangs. We have nothing corresponding with these gangs in this country, and may we be preserved from any such experience! So active and numerous are these associations of evil-doers in America, that large and learned works have been written about them as a serious factor in American social affairs. With the general increase of lawlessness and godlessness all over the world, the possibilities of such forms of terrorism become daily more apparent."

Why does not Miss Mayo devote some of her unspent energy to the doings of her own countrymen instead of meddling in the affairs of other people who know very well how to take care of themselves?

The lines on the Indian Sun set hours are not her own composition. She is a plagiary. She is shining in the borrowed plumes. Refer to the 'Review of Reviews' (May (1889). The credit should go to William Harp.

She has got very bad notions about the Indian womanhood. I hope she will correct herself when she sees the

following. Indian women are not so bad as she is dreaming in her delirium.

Vivekananda once appealed to the barren maids of America in California as follows :—

" There she is—the Hindu mother. The son's wife comes in as her daughter, just as the mother's own daughter married and went out ; so her son married and brought in another daughter, and she has to fall in line under the government of the queen of queens, my mother. Even I, who never married, belonging to an Order that never marries, would be disgusted if my wife, supposing I had married, dared to displease my mother. I would be disgusted. Why ? Don't I worship my mother ? Why should not her daughter-in law ? Whom I worship, why not she ? Who is she, then, that would try to ride over my head and govern my mother ? She has to wait till her womanhood is fulfilled ; and the one thing that fulfils womanhood, that is womanliness in woman, is motherhood. Wait till she becomes a mother ; then she will have the same right. That according to the Hindu mind, is the great mission of woman—to become a mother. But Oh, how different ! Oh, how different ! My father and mother fasted and prayed, for years and years, so that I would be born. They pray for a child before he is born. Says our great law-giver, Manu, giving the definition of an Aryan : He is " He is the Aryan, who is born through prayer." Every child not born through prayer is illegitimate, according to the great law-giver. The child must be prayed for. Those children that come with curses, that slip into the world, just in a moment of inadvertence, because that could not be prevented—what can we expect of such progeny ? Mothers of America, think, oh that ! think in the heart of your hearts, are you ready to be women ? Not any question of race or country, or that false sentiment of national pride. Who dares to be proud in this mortal life of ours, this world

of woes and miseries? What are we before this infinite force of God? But I ask you the question to-night: "Do you all pray for the children to come? Are you thankful to be mothers, or not? Do you think that you are sanctified by motherhood, or not?" Ask that of your minds. If you do not, your marriage is a lie, your womanhood is false, your education is superstition and your children if they come without prayer, will prove a curse to humanity. See the different ideals now coming before us. From motherhood comes tremendous responsibility. There is the basis, start, from that. Well, why is mother to be worshipped so much? Because our books teach that is the pre natal influence that gives the impetus to the child for good or evil."

Tracing the History of Women from the Vedic Age down to the present time Mr. Jayakar observes, "Hindu women enjoyed full proprietory rights until the Privy Council interfered with the Hindu Law. By the ignorance and timidity of the Privy Councillors Hindu women were forced to come under Retrograde Laws."

Who can prevent mosquitoes from humming around the curtain? Copies of the 'Mother India' however reached India after the mosquito-fashion and have been troubling the minds that have no spiritual curtains. If I now further employ a figure of speech, I should say "An American cobbler has sent her soiled garments to India for a wash in the holiest and the cleanest Ganges! Now 300 millions know that there is only one silly woman in America who would not shrink back to tell any lies against them! Let Miss Mayo profit herself by reading the following address delivered by Miss Miller (now known as Sarmista Devi) Queen of Indore immediately after she was taken into the Hindu fold, "It was indeed a matter of great surprise to me that some people in this country thought that there existed serious difficulties in the way of those who could not call

India their Mother-country and yet desired to have all that your ancient religion and culture offered. I am grateful to you that the decision and action have made it possible for me to realize my most cherished desire. In my school days your ancient books had fascinated me. My interest in the civilisation of India was suddenly roused when I met nearly two years ago one who has been the primary cause of the change through which I am now passing. As our acquaintance developed into friendship, my desire to know, and understand India became stronger. I soon began to feel the change coming over me. Though my knowledge of Hinduism was very limited, I had sufficiently realized that Hinduism could give me all I wanted for guidance. I must, at the same time, tell you frankly that it is not without pain that I sever my connection with the Church for I know nothing in the true teaching of Christ that can be discarded with advantage. I hope the true spirit of Christianity will continue to be with me and be a source of inspiration in the days to come and it is indeed a great consolation to feel that the true spirit of Hinduism not only tolerates such an attitude as mine but welcomes it as being essential for seekers after truth. So far as my enquiry goes, Hinduism allows the greatest latitude in matters of faith or belief such as the conception of God, the purpose of universe and the Nature and the meaning of life." Her alliance with an Indian Prince is, indeed, a spiritual protest against Miss Mayo's 'Mother India.' Miss Miller is an American by birth and a Hindu by Love. The caves at Karla, Miss Mayo should particularly note, well, show that many Greeks were the followers of vedic Dharma. Two centuries before Christ a Greek called Helidara built a temple of Garudadhwaja, accepted Hinduism and was called Bhagvat. The Greeks, Shakas, Abherras, Kushanas, Haiyayas, Hoonas became Hindus. So, one need not be surprised if she has embraced Hinduism.

If I, owing to my great anxiety that I must be Poeti-

cally understood, seem to tend for a moment, to impress upon the reader's mind that I, now and then, deviate from the path, after the fashion of the Land-Records-Inspector's bull, that tarries at each and every demarkation-stone in the fields or after the Vemana's horse that is neighing and dancing before every Reddi's door bearing, at the same time, its begging master on its bleeding back, in harvest season, pray I may be excused. It is always the case with men of poetical talents to fall into delicious fits, of intellectual delirium! Of what does all Italy, boast today? Not of commerce, not of wealth—simply of Dante! All the Arsenals and the Krupp-Factories have been emptied on the Mass-annihilation, but, yet the greatness of Germany has not departed! Why so? Is not the immortal spirit of Goethe, still perfuming her atmosphere! Who can forget the name of the '*Nibelungenlied*—German Iliad'! What should have been Portugal without Camoens? Nothing about the grandeurs of Egypt we could have known to-day, but for the Rosette—Stone on which an unknown poet engraved wonderful things in fiery letters! Let one-thousand-and-one kings of Greece beg from door to door! The Epic Glory, imported from the highest Heaven into Greece on the mightiest wings of the keenest imagination of Homer ever remains the same! We should still have known France as a country of only flushes, blushes, and kisses, but for *Guillanme Ji Lorres Jean Je Meung* who wrote the great French Iliad, 'Romance of the Rose! What if India's physical slavery were to be, once for all, doomed! She has already been abundantly compensated for this loss of her physical freedom, by the great intellectual and spiritual wealths, so gloriously contributed by the epithetless simple Valmiki, Kali Dasa, Bana, Bhavabhooti, Dandi, Nannaya, Tikkana, Yerrapragada, Pothana, Vemana, Nachana Soma, Kambar, Moropant, Bamkimchandra, Tagore, Sarojini etc., who are from their highest Elysiums, supplying her with enough fire to keep herself ever-

lastingly warm! To India Death is a welcome guest—not a dreadful Ghost. We could never have even dreamt of Persia, but for that immortal Sadi who is styled the "Nightingale of Thousand songs" and "one of the four monarchs of eloquence." His poems are the '*Gulistan*' or the garden of Roses, the *Bostan* or the garden of fruits and the *Rend Nameh*,' a moral poem. He is greatly admired for his sententious march. No doubt the Sun never sets in the British Empire! No body denies, the costliest crown sits on the head of His Most Imperial Majesty our Beloved King-Emperor! There can be no difference of opinion as regards the universally acknowledged fact that His Majesty comes next to God in wielding the greatest influence over the Man-kind! Who can contradict the statement that the oceans are only knee-deep for the English people? But, all these glories of the united kingdom, we forget for a while, whenever that intellectual Vagabond of Warwick Shire and that Spiritual Blind fellow of Bread Street (London) flash in the skies of our imagination!

'God permit me, in this connection, to inject the following spiritual matter into Miss Mayo's body! Valmiki's greatest Poetic Genius is universally admitted. Like the most brilliant thread of the purest gold, his Genius eternally runs through the Indian memory. There could never be any danger even if the sun were to drop down dead or even burnt to ashes, provided the same Epic-Sunshine should eternally continue in India! What could have been our glory but for this Epic-Sunshine! Even the day may come when the western Chemist can easily decompose the sun, moon and stars, but I am sure the day will never come when the true spirit of this Epic poem can be properly understood and appreciated by an average western philosopher! It is the divinity of the Oriental style that looks peculiar and strange to the western average critic. Sir Rabindranath Tagore says:—"We are a spiritual Nation,

as a whole. To drop down dead in the race course of life, while running at full speed, is acclaimed by western countries to be the most glorious death. Doubtless Nature, for its own biological purposes, has created in us a strong faith in life, by keeping us unmindful of Death. The harmony of bondage and freedom is the dance of creation. That is why the spirit of attachment and that of detachment have to be reconciled in harmony, and then only will they lead us to fulfilment. Attachment is the force which draws us to the truth in its finite aspect, while detachment leads us to freedom in the Infinity of Truth which is the ideal aspect. In the act of walking, attachment is in the step that the foot takes when it touches the Earth; detachment is in the movement of the other foot, when it raises itself. According to the symbolism of Indian thought, the God Siva, the Male principle of Truth represents freedom which is of the spirit, while the Goddess Sivani the Female principle represents the bonds which are of the Real. In Their union dwells the ideal of Perfection. Indians can never acknowledge any thing less than the supreme, as the highest gain."

"The Poetic Literature is the real illuminator of the true aspects of universal life and the transparent mirror of national soul and the self-expression of Master-spirits. I proceed to deal with the universal, racial and individual aspects and elements of *Valmiki's* Genius. *The Ramayana* arises from pity which sprang in a pure and illumined heart. The pity of impure and tainted hearts can never serve or purify or illuminate the world. *The Ramayana* is the biggest store-house of purity and poesy. It must not be forgotten that it was sung by pure and young voices of *Lava* and *Kusa*, sons of *Sreeramachandra*, the voices that mirrored the sweetness of the sentiments kindled in the pure and holy young hearts by the study of the wonderful poem. *Valmiki* whose centre is every where

but circumference nowhere, is the father of the Indian poetry, Drama and Music. He is pre-eminently the poets' Poet. There are six key-verses for six kandas, (one verse for each kanda) which lay stress on heroism of spirit, renunciation, protection of the weak, and the oppressed, fellowship and loyalty, self-dedication and universal love, as the special qualities which will make an individual great and a nation too, great. This is indeed a wonderful galaxy of ideals! Individual virtues, family-virtues, social virtues, civic virtues, and political virtues, all these are admirably portrayed in the *Ramayana*. *Valmiki* is the incarnation of the greatest Indian-Genius; and he has an unbroken and matchless hold on the Indian spirit. The *Ramayana* is the most signal illustration of the specially prized Indian virtues of purity, hospitality, courtesy, forgiveness, reverence for age, love for all, and combination of effort, serenity and devotion. Dr. Tagore is justified in calling the *Ramayana* the 'Epic of the Household.' The domestic affections are very strong in Indian life. The sweetness, sanctity and grace of Indian domestic life are no where else portrayed, so well as in the *Ramayana*. The social ideals of the *Ramayana* are inter-dependence, mutual service, up-lift and perfect harmony. *Valmiki's* unparalleled individuality, wonderful style, descriptive power, vast knowledge of the Human heart, great wisdom, and supreme religious ideals, have won the greatest name for him. No mortal pen can do sufficient justice to the *Valmiki's* ideals for India;—nor to his prophetic presentation of India's deathless vitality and ever youthful and eternal outer and inner loveliness." This is a passage which, I remember, to have read in the 'Hindu' some years ago. I do not exactly remember the name of the esteemed writer. I found it to be so excellent that I simply crammed and digested it.

Poetry is Divinity and Divinity is Poetry! India is full of Poetry. Miss Mayo attacks such India!

I however admit that the Universities which are run with the alien spirit and which polish pebbles but dim diamonds, are entirely responsible for the corrupt Nationalism in India. If you ask an average graduate to sing he will inflict upon you a Gramophone plate. If you ask him about Valmiki, he will hasten to display his crude knowledge of Shakespeare or Milton. He knows the dates of births and deaths of all foreign kings and queens—but not the dates of those of his parents! Again ask him about the name of his father; the very existence of his father is a news to him. Even Ramsay Macdonald says: "I do not regret not having been to the University. In fact I believe that University life does most harm than good to most men."

Miss Mayo mocks at the Indian Marriage, forgetting for the time being all about the existence of also of the following thirteen kinds of husbands in America:—

1. *Husband the Common*

Earns regular wages or pay; dines at home regularly as far as may be; occasionally grumbles; rarely rebels; is easily tamed and broken; grows wild when the wife gets angry with others; gets mild when the wife subsides; speaks only when spoken to; passes life peacefully.

2. *Husband the Omnivorous*

Eats anything; eats always; eats well, sometimes more; eats more than wife or children or all; grander the dinner the better the justice; eats when hungry, eats when not hungry; lives to eat; eats to eat, finally threatens to eat wife and even tender babes.

3. *Husband the Retiring*

A shy species; rarely in evidence; studiously shuns the light of feminine eyes; silent and sleeping partner;

passive co-operator in family duties; seeks solace in retired and quiet activity.

4. *Husband the Polite*

Rarely crosses others' path, never the wife's; always apologetic; begs pardon for no sin either of mind, word or deed, never interferes with or intrudes upon the wife; accords freedom for all her ways, for all her friends, for all her modes and moods; lives a peaceful life of happiness.

5. *Husband the Bull*

Roars at home for nothing; lives loud; trains the wife into obedience, silence, secret dealings, dark routes and resourceful habits; gives infinite pleasure to the wife during his absence.

6. *Husband the Obliging*

A life help-mate; aids and abets the wife in her joys and woes; sympathizes with her in her disappointments; rejoices in her successes; studies the convenience of the wife first; suits his work, pleasure, car and the rest to the convenience of the wife.

7. *Husband, the Up-to-date*

Is ever ready to serve and please not to be pleased; helps the wife in all fashionable or reasonable pranks; sends her to the club early; waits without a sigh or murmur patiently till she returns even at a late hour; sends her on long trips to shrines or the Hills and makes her happiness the aim and her glorification the goal of his life.

8. *Husband the Fatherly*

A very domesticated edition of the male spouse; nurses the olive branches as they keep coming along; early to rise; to prepare coffee for the wife and children, to arrange for breakfast, to run to duty, to return, to

engage or soothe the young ones and dine and wait for th dawn, and to repeat the same life.

9. *Husband the Commercial*

Makes money by matrimony ; saves money by starving wife, self and children ; lives for money and for making it at the cost of life, wife and all.

10. *Husband the Saintly*

Lives in high thinking ; moves among mighty ideals ; spurns worldly pleasures and before death leaves a large family of children.

11. *Husband the Doubting*

Suspects the wife ; suspects self ; suspects the home, walls and furniture ; suspects her study, music and talents ; nervous if she looks handsome ; unhappy if she is happy ; a splendid life partner for all misery and woe.

12. *Husband the bore*

Tells the wife all his greatness ; tells the mother-in-law all his achievement ; tells the grandmother his hairbreadth escapes, his adventures, his feats of valour and heroism ; acquaints the wife with the minutest pin points of his career and hides nothing from her ears.

13. *Husband, the Lamb*

A faithful camp follower of the wife ; let the world say what it pleases, loyal, true, serviceable and ever gentle ; absolutely dependable."

Miss Mayo pretends to sympathize with the animals slaughtered in India as if in America there had never existed curious and diabolical slaughter factories into the wheels of

which millions of poor dumb animals are mercilessly flung to come out only as boiled preparations in a few seconds.

Max-Muller the greatest Western Authority on Spiritual Science says:

"If I were to look over the whole world to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth, power, and beauty that nature can bestow, in some parts a very paradise on earth, I should point to India! If I were to ask under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Cant—I should point to India! And if I were to ask myself from what literature we here in Europe—we have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of the Greeks and the Romans and of one semitic race, the Jewish may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal and in fact more truly human in life, not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life, again I should point to India!"

~~Miss Mayo~~ should never forget that we belong to the country where the evolution of human creation has its most sublime perfection in Sree Ramachandra! ~~She~~ should never forget that we belong to the country where Harischandra who sold his consort, only to keep up his promise and who bluntly and strictly, demanded the burning fare from his wife to permit her to burn the dead body of their own son, in the Burning ghat of which Fate reduced him to be the watch-man—only to discharge his duty, once lived. ~~She~~ should never forget that we belong to the country where Sibi Chakravarti offered the flesh of his own body to a certain hungry hawk which had pounced upon a harmless dove, only to save it from its jaws! ~~She~~ should never forget that we belong to the country where Sitha, Damayanthi, and Chandramathi shone with so much lustre of virtue that even the sun had to have a gentle peep at them

through a smoked glass! Is there another land more worthy of service and sacrifice? Where is another Peninsula more interesting and more venerated in antiquity, more rich in historic traditions and in the wealth of religious, ethical and spiritual conceptions that have left happy impressions upon the minds of the sons of the holy soil? Where is another country where in seasons of doubt, danger and despair peoples naturally turn for inspiration and guidance to those great saints, those master-spirits, who, with their hearts, glowed with the divine enthusiasm, triumphed over the failing spirit and faced disappointment with philosophical calmness? Where is another Empire whose epic Heroes and heroines are still ringing, truth, loyalty, patriotism, and devotion in the ears of its peoples? It is our Motherland that first lit the torch of wisdom. It is our motherland that first saw her glorious sons singing Vedic hymns which represent the first yearnings of infant-humanity towards the divine ideals. It is our motherland that first developed a Literature that excites the admiration of mankind. It is our motherland that first gave birth to a philosophy which ponders deep over the problems of life and evolves solutions which satisfy the highest yearnings of the loftiest minds. It is our Motherland that first created men who essayed to solve the mystery of life in the rich colours of the poetic imagination, clothed with the words of a deeper significance of the highest spiritual ideas. It is our Motherland that first sent out her missionaries fired with apostolic fervour, to enlighten the mankind on the divine mysteries. It is our Motherland that first produced the great poets who painted wisdom on the canvas of experience. It is our Motherland that first sacrificed all temporal happiness in order to see the Supreme Being. It is our Motherland that even to-day refuses to acknowledge anything less than the Supreme, as the highest gain."

The esteemed Author of the '*Bomb shell*' has already

written several works on poetry and philosophy. They have won the admiration of his countrymen. Even the foreigners have taken inspiration from his works. His devotion to God, his loyalty to H. M. I. Majesty King-Emperor and his patriotism to the cradle are as high as his literary talents. His frequent literary contributions of a very high order to the press are also of spiritual interest. He is the worthy son of a worthy father. Who heard not professor Sundararaman! What appeals to me most is his force of sincerity, so beautifully revealed to the reader in his word-pictures! Some times, the whole of our vocabulary could not fill up gaps, if there were any by this author's oversight! He summarises happy thoughts into beautiful phrase making. His all-accomplished pen is perfect in the art of epitomizing things. At the very first glance, the reader is struck with the immensity of his erudition and originality. The Himalayan information lies in a nut-shell. Mr. Sastri is the fittest man to deal with a subject of this kind. As the Judge of a District, Mr. Sastri gives a timely warning to Miss Mayo by his 'Bomb Shell.'

I hope Miss Mayo will take this in good part. Very often, I read his 'Bombshell' and every time I open the manuscript I am overcome with emotions of uncontrollable joy. I am a regular reader of his works. I seldom miss his publications. While reading his works, I always feel as if I were reading another genius of the type of *Valmiki*, but an energetic and ardent Valmiki writing in the prime and vigour of early manhood. May he be, one day, drenched in the shower of titles and prizes, after the fashion of Tagore! He is now above all these things, I know. God give him and his family long life, prosperity and peace!

I first intended to write a very stout original volume criticising Miss Mayo's Mother India, peacefully sitting at home; but I could not do so, at Proddatur. Perhaps, the climatic conditions of Proddatur never suit me to do so!

When I first opened here Miss Mayo's 'Mother India' I began to feel a sort of biting sensation coming all over the body! Perhaps the climatic conditions of Coonoor might suit me better for the purpose!

God cure our American Sister's madness? Miss Mayo should know that hasty person only catches flies.

DEAR MISS MAYO,

You should not decide the fate of a musician by simply measuring the circumference of his neck; nor should you ever attempt to determine the smelling capacity of a person by merely measuring the length of his nose!

A. K. MUNI.

The Bomb Shell of To-day

BY

Mr. K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B.A., B.L.

(District Judge)

Miss Noble (Sister Nivedita) and Miss Mayo—the North Pole and the South Pole! Shall we think of them only for a brief hour and throw them aside? Or shall we read, mark and inwardly digest? That is a momentous and urgent question, as all of us love our Motherland and know that in her service lies the sole means of our self-elevation and of the service of God.

The difference between the two self-appointed examiners of India's culture and self-stimulated moulders of India's destiny is that Nivedita works from within outwards while Miss Mayo tries to work from without in wards and never sees or reaches the heart of things. Sister Nivedita's outlook is noble like her birth-name; but Miss Mayo's method is ignoble, warped and seeks to dress up abuse as an argument and causes as much dismay as disappointment. But our duty is to learn to be equally indifferent to sprays of rose water and to sprays of sulphuric acid, and to benefit by both and hold our course in the god-

gifted paths of freedom and co-operation and prosperity.

The book is written in that tense, direct, vivid modern American style which is arresting though it is jumpy. Strangely enough we come across finer tints and fragrances as well. Miss Mayo describes the Indian sunset hour thus " And this is the hour, this the incense, this the invocation of Mother India, walking among the tree-trunks in the twilight, veiled in the smoke of the hearth-fires of her children, her hands outstretched in entreaty, blue stars shining in her hair".

Miss Mayo's self-laudation is as pathetic as it is ludicrous. She says that she states "living facts of India to-day" and that " they can casily be denied but they cannot be disproved or shaken." Her 'living facts, were taken into her scrap-book in the course of a strenuous and meteoric globe trotting. Her impudent self-consciousness may have led her to think that her 'living facts' cannot be disproved or shaken, but more true-seeming lies and seemingly living facts have much less life than they had in their time.

Miss Mayo's book is called " a well-documented book." We can have some idea of her documents when she sagely and seriously tells us at page 136 that " in the autumn elections of 1926, the Brahmans regained the majority in the legislative Council of Madras

Presidency". Her documents are those found if, at all, in the drains and the rubbish-heaps of the national life. Such drains and rubbish heaps are found as much in America as in India. Miss Mayo tried her prentice hand on the rubbish heaps in the Phillippine Islands and then came over to India with her uncanny powers of drain-inspection perfected to a superlative degree. She has kindly told us in how many respects India is below the Phillippine Islands. Many of her so-called documents are the so-called views of anonymous Indian lawyers and doctors and the fulminations of unnamed and probably unnameable fire-eaters.

Miss Mayo's book is dedicated "to the peoples of India and to that Indian field-labourer who once by an act of humanity saved my life". Yet what has she given to them in return for their kindness? Nothing but the electric shock of sheer unkindness. She has this initial fling even in an early portion of her work: "Inertia, helplessness, lack of initiative and originality, lack of staying power and of sustained loyalties, sterility of enthusiasm, weakness of life-vigour itself—all are traits that truly characterize the Indian not only of to-day, *but of long-past history*". This of the ancient Hindus—the noblest people known to History. It is sheer rubbish. There is also a fling at "the devitalizing character of the Hindu religion with its teachings of

the nothingness of things as they seem: the infinitude of lives—dream—all—to follow this present seeming". This of the religion which has been the solace of great western philosophers and which has been pronounced to be the greatest support of pure morality! It is sheer rant and rubbish again. We are further told that temple-priests violate women who go to temples to pray for the removal of the curse of barrenness. Though Miss Mayo tells us that she has shut out Indian religion from her survey, yet we have a display of camouflaged learning in her citations from *Padmapurana and Bhagavata*, and we are told also that "India has carried the principles of ego-centricity and of a materialism called spirituality to a farther and wider conclusion than has the West."

The book is full of lies—whole lies and half-truths which are worse than lies. The sex-obsession which is the writer's and her country's obsession is transferred to India by a subtle process of thought-transference. Thus it is stated at page 32: "In many parts of the country, north and south, the little boy, his mind so prepared, is likely, if physically attractive, to be drafted for the satisfaction of grown men, or to be regularly attached to a temple, in the capacity of a prostitute. Neither parent as a rule sees any harm in this, but is, rather, flattered that the son has been found pleasing." This is a gross

and libellous lie. It is difficult to say whether it is an imported or an invented lie. Let the Indian youth note that Miss Mayo attributes to them not merely sex-obsession but unnatural offences as well. She refers at page 1 sneeringly to "where narrow-chested, near-sighted, anaemic young Indian students, in native dress, brood over piles of *flyblown Russian pamphlets.*" Yet the reference to the subsidised character of her work is resented. She protests about herself too much as being "a volunteer unsubsidised, uncommitted, and unattached." We have at page 72 the precious story of the young man who wanted his wife for marital use when she was in the hospital attending on her child! We are told at page 118 that "Bengal is also among the most sexually exaggerated regions of India." We are told at page 186: "Indian women of child-bearing age cannot safely venture, without special protection, within reach of Indian men." She calls the Hindus "people still barbarian in their handling of their own women."

We can hardly expect a westerner to understand Indian ideas and ideals in regard to love and marriage. Miss Mayo refers sneeringly to Rabindranath Tagore's view that "for the purpose of marriage, spontaneous love is unreliable." We believe that wooing goes by destiny and is the result of pre-natal union; we believe that passion is

guided and idealised by our marriage system; and we further believe that though marital felicity is the blossom of life, Motherhood is the golden fruitage of a woman's life, because children link the generations each with each and generate the higher nature in us and thus fit us for the attainment of God. The *Bhagavatha* which Miss Mayo misunderstands and misrepresents tells us that woman is the god-given ally of man in the war of sense with soul. India swears by mother-worship as surely as the west swears by wife-worship to-day.

We are not ashamed of these ideas and we desire that the west learns and benefits by them. More than anything else we are against the ideals of the "new nomads of civilisation" (as the modern western men and women have been styled by a western writer). and we swear by the ideal of the family as the social unit as described in that immortal Epic of the Household—the *Ramayana*.

Miss Mayo is not content with sex-obsession alone. In her eyes the image of Siva is of course a mere phallic symbol. Nay the *Vaishnavas*, who perhaps rejoice in the above gross libel are told by her: "The followers of Vishnu, multitudinous in the south, from their childhood wear painted upon their foreheads the sign of the function of generation." She adds to this an exquisite footnote: "Fanciful interpretations of this symbol are

some times given." To these lies she adds the lie that "it is no shame to a Hindu to be caught in a lie." As for the Hindu prince we are told that "He squeezed his people dry, giving little or nothing in return.' More than anything else is the story of the imaginary ass of a Dewan who is stated at page 282 to have said that "if the English do go, three months afterwards not a rupee or a virgin will be left in all Bengal.

We know our defects well enough. We must give *real* and *natural* and *modern* and *practical* education to our boys and girls. We must give up intermediate lunacy of thinking that office-seeking is the sole aim of life. We must get rid of heaps of dark superstitions and evil and uneconomical social customs. We must learn to raise the age of *nuptials* and child-bearing. Strangely enough even the so-called orthodox man does not know that marriage is forbidden to males before his twenty fourth year by the Dharma Sastras and that the Ayurveda Sastras forbid the consummation of nuptials in the case of women before they attain the sixteenth year. We have to better our conceptions of public sanitation. Our mediaeval midwifery methods were crude and stupid and we have to accept and adopt modern methods of midwifery. We have done this already. We must learn to give our women more of legitimate freedom to realise the best in herself. We have

to get rid of the *purda* system which is not Indian at all. We have to combat infant mortality on an extensive scale and in an intensive manner. We have to achieve social unity. We have to face the problem of untouchability and solve it in a sensible manner. We must take up humanitarian work on a colossal scale. We wish to learn the modern ideals of citizenship and administration so that we may each become in Miss Mayo's words "an enthusiastic dynamo of citizenship." We wish to master modern science and become experts in modern industries, without of course allowing science to kill our souls and industry to kill our fellowmen (as they are allowed to do in Europe and America.)

We would even go further and admit that there are some directions in which we are not only defective but faulty and even sinful. We have heavy arrears to clear in respect of our obligations to the untouchable classes in our land. We must increase our measure of humanity towards animal life, though advice in this direction by Miss Mayo comes with an ill grace from a civilisation which is absolutely devoid of any sense of the sanctity of animal life. M. A. L. Saunders says about Miss Mayo's book: "The cruelty of Indians is callousness—seldom active, as in Europe. It is the doing of men who are themselves underfed, hardworked and comfortless.

Our humanity to animals is really not much more than a century old, and, though inspired writings are not a reliable guide, it is to be noted that while Hindu, Muhammadan and Buddhist Scriptures preach kindness to animals our Gospels are silent on the point, and the catholic doctrine that animals have no souls like men, does undoubtedly make for inhumanity."

But granting all this, whom does it benefit to throw at our heads the statistics of hospitals, even if these be venereal hospitals? What is the use of piling up horrors as if this is a mere land of horrors and atrocities? This is not all. We are treated to a brief survey of the history of "caste-fettered, feud-filled, tyrant-crushed India." Quite naturally she tries to disprove the drain of Indian wealth. Quite naturally also this must be followed by a laudation of dyarchy—quite naturally also she does not believe in Indian democracy and assures us that "the Indian mind is cast in the mould of autocratic aristocracy." By way of placing the coping-stone on her false fabric of Indian history she refers of course to the Soviet Bear and to "Afghanistan, like a couchant leopard, green eyes fixed on the glittering bait of India." In such a presentation there must, of course be, and there is, a large place for the Hindu-Moslem discord. We are told much about "those picturesque freebooters, the Ali Brothers."

As a kind of offset to the piled-up imaginary horrors in the book we have another pile—that of the imaginary puerilities of India. Both are false—mere glittering factions. Let us mention here one perfect gem about the way in which wells are sunk in India. "They choose the site not by the slope of the land but by throwing a bucket of water over a goat. The goat runs away. The people run after. And where the goat first stops and shakes himself, though it be in the middle of the main street, just there the new well is dug." We are treated also to a fictitious Brahman proverb that "It is better to sit than to walk, to lie down than to sit, to sleep than to wake, and death is the best of all."

Is it improper, I wonder, to turn round and say to Miss Mayo in Biblical language, "Sister! Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" Is your civilisation free from blemishes? Is its treatment of women admirable? Have you not got sex-obsession in your own country? How do you treat the Negroes? How have you treated the Phillipin? What is the just distribution of wealth in your land? Do you lead happy and good lives? Have you leisure, peace, composure of spirit? Are your children brought up in the ways of blessedness? Do you know anything about the kingdom of Heaven which is within you?

What are the differentia of life in the west—and especially in America to day? Life has become a race. The swift and the strong win it; the slow and the weak are left to die on the roadside. There is a rushing and roaring cateract of activity everywhere. Innumerable engines tube railways, ordinary railways, countless cars, a dense fall of smoke all over the land deafening noises in factories and elsewhere, advertisements, crowds and sensations everywhere —these sum up the western life. While there are the saving graces of order and discipline, the universal hurry and speed and rush are dreadful and bring no compensating gains.

This is not all. Not only are the toil and the turmoil of life appalling, but life is lived in ways which are most unhealthy for the soul. Mammon is the only God to-day and his gospel is competition. Vast organisations, large scale production, far-flung markets, universal exploitation, have revolutionised life. Science has been harnessed to industry. The old arts and handcrafts wherein the worker fashioned the finished product from start to finish and took delight in his work have practically disappeared. The factory-worker does his portion of the work in an efficient but mechanical and soul-less manner. The waste of nervous energy is appalling. Man has become an adjunct of machinery and walks in dread of his new

master-monster. Over-production may be absorbed to some extent by capturing foreign markets but in course of time it must result in increasing unemployment in the western countries. Sham life, poverty, nerve-ruination, and the life of crowd and rush and excitement are brutalising men. The popular amusements are now confined to the prize-rings and the cinemas. What can a few homoepathic dozes of philanthropy on which the west prides itself—do, when the vitiation of the body politic thus proceeds apace? The cult of equality is proclaimed but the fact of inequality is intensified. The true ideal of life is not full and free competition but fair competition and free co-operation.

Nay, speed and competition are not the only evils. Not only have leisure and co-operation disappeared altogether. Life has been individualised, and at the same time standardised, unacademised and regimented to an intolerable degree. The community and the family have now ceased to be the units of society. The clamorous individualism of to-day has changed the face of things. But is there any rich and fine variety of cultural life to-day? The individual has killed the intermediate groups of social organization and knows only two relationships in life viz., the relationship to the factory and the relationship to the state. At the same time the individualisation of life is shadowed by the

regimentation of life. The same sartorial outfits, the same amusements, and the same tastes are found everywhere. Life is become a formula, a mere soul-less routine. Even the courtesies of life—the smile and the greeting have become mechanised.

Dr. Kunhikannan who has observed the East and the West very closely says in his admirable book on *The West* "Organisation is soulless in character and mechanical in action. It holds sentiment and feeling in strict subordination. It is dominated by intellect and perfected by discipline. It grovels in statistics and averages, which it mistakes for truth. Intolerant of encroachment itself, it is a habitual trespasser. It recognises no principle, no formula but its own. It has no large vision but a limited outlook. It is bent on its own advance and will tolerate no advance elsewhere unless it furthers its own. And the individuals which constitute it are ground down to fit in exactly into the places assigned to them in the vast mechanism. Life is less a blossoming than a moulding. The individual has to cultivate his will rather than his understanding, his mind rather than his soul." (p. 82).

While such is the plight of the individual in the social and economic views of modern life in the west, what is his plight in the political domain ? Party-Government in modern democracies is a clash of interests

and not a rivalry of principles. In America the Boss rule the Spirls-system, and the Tanmany Hall show the worst features of modern democracy. In addition to this the *ku khux klan* activities and the lynchings of Negroes in America add new horrors to life. Proclamations of the equality of men go to pieces on the rock of colour. Further, the happiness and prosperity of modern western democracies are built upon the unhappiness and misery of their colonies and dependencies. Democracy itself is giving way to dictatorship in some western countries. There is nothing sacrosanct about democracy if it cannot be an instrument of human concord and happiness. Modern nationalism has been a war-maker. Imperialistic ambitions are a natural development of jingoistic nationalism and are a perpetual menace to the peace of the world. The imperialism of to-day is the result of tyranny of capital and exploits and decimates the weaker races of men. The scientific law of the survival of the fittest has been applied by men to his fellowmen. The Great War of 1914 is so vivid a commentary written in blood that no other commentary is needed at all on the test of western ideals.

The west is in a mood of revolt to-day against such an incubus of miseries. Socialism, Syndicalism, Bolshevism and Anarchism are raising their heads everywhere. Life is an

incessant hurry of restless feet towards unknown goals. Not even the wisest thinkers and prophets of to-day can predict in what directions the spirit of man will move in the realms of social, economic and political life in the west.

I have hitherto dealt with what Mr. Bertrand Russell has well called the possessive elements in life. But after all the greatness of a civilisation is tested by what have been called by Mr. Russell as the creative elements. He says in his great book on '*Principles of Social Reconstruction*' "Most impulses may be divided into two groups, the possessive and the creative, according as they acquire at acquiring or retaining something, that cannot be shared, or at bringing into the world some valuable thing, such as knowledge or art or good-will, in which there is no private property. I consider the best life that which is not built on creative impulses, and the worst that which is most inspired by love of possession. Political institutions have a very great influence upon the dispositions of men and women, and should be such as to promote creativeness at the expense of possessiveness. The State War and property are the chief political embodiments of the possessive impulses, while education, marriage, and religion ought to embody the creative impulses, though at present they do so very inadequately. The liberation of

creativeness ought to be the principle of reform both in politics and in economics." We shall let Miss Mayo ponder over the question whether America has anything at all to show by way of a great record in the domain of the creative elements in life, whatever the development of her bump of acquisitiveness and aggressive possessiveness. I shall proceed to deal generally with the achievements of the west in the realm of creativeness.

In the west, literacy has gone up by leaps and bounds and is tending to become universal. But has real culture permeated the masses? Education has become scientific, practical, democratic, and universalised, but has it increased tolerance, patience, brotherliness, self-sacrifice and other humaner virtues of humanity? It trains students to prepare for success in the struggle for life and not to prepare to soften the struggle for existence. It excels in specialisation and is deficient in the universally valuable elements of life. Utilitarianism reigns as supreme in the sanctuaries of western education as in the shambles of western life.

The western life is thus put in a wrong school. The adult western life is equally misled by modern journalism. This is the Newspaper age. The Newspaper is the supreme God and the Editor is the only prophet. The newspapers aim only at circu-

lation, and the less refined and the more sensational they are, the greater in their circulation. The press may be the Fourth Estate. It may be the supreme organ of public opinion. But it has superseded all independent thought. No newspaper thrives on its subscribers. It lives on the advertisers who prey upon the gullible public through the aid of their accomplices, the newspapers. Even in the realms of journalism trusts and cartels and combines are rearing their ugly heads.

How do science, literature, art, philosophy and religion stand to-day in the west? Science has advanced there with giant strides but has been a foe of man even more than it has been a friend of man. It has multiplied the engines of death far more than it has multiplied the conveniences of life. Literature and art are at a low ebb everywhere. Though it was prophesied that the great war would be followed by a great creative era, the prophecy has not come true. Pessimism, materialism, and sensationalism have rubbed off the finer delicacies of life. As for the realms of philosophy and religion, the advance in philosophy is nil while religion is fighting an ever-losing battle. Christianity has not been a success in quelling the animal in man. It has been well said that the only true Christian died on the cross. Even Christianity which was but a poor substitute

for Christianity is now under a cloud. The more the gospel is sought to be spread in the East, the more is it losing ground in the West. It has been well said that the missionary is the scout of the western civilisation all over the world, and that the order of arrival of the apostles of western culture is missionary, merchant and soldier. But is not religion losing its hold on the mind of the West? Is not the East entitled to tell the West, "Physician of the soul, heal thyself."

Let me refer in conclusion to the treatment of womanhood which is supposed to be the acid test of civilisation. Woman has certainly achieved a considerable measure of freedom in the West and has made a bond-slave of the sterner sex. She has entered into competition with man in all walks of life. But has such participation in the exhausting labour of factory life and professional life, increased the grace and charm and happiness of womanhood? Has not the struggle for existence, intellectualised, and hardened and coarsened the finer elements of feminine life? Too much shelter from life may be bad, but is not too much exposure to life—a cynical, cruel and pleasure-seeking life—bad in its own way? Is not the home becoming less and less attractive in comparison with the hotel and the restaurant?

I must stop here. I am writing a critique of another's book and not a volume of my

own. I do not believe for a moment that either the East or the West has a monopoly of either virtues or vices. In this imperfect world, man is full of imperfections all over the earth, and India has her imperfections like other lands. But India—nay the East generally—has its great and good points as well. It emphasises Duty rather than Right. Its civilisation is yet more rural than urban. It has more of the finer impulses of emotion. It excels in family ties, charity, toleration, sympathy and hospitality. It has achieved great results in the realm of human relationships. Its ideals are *Santhi* and *Ahimsa*. It has an abiding sense of the life divine and of the transitoriness of earthly life.

Though Kipling has said that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" yet he has said also, "East is East and West is West: but East plus West is much the best." I feel sure that in future with the annihilation of time and distance by the magic and potent hand of science, humanity will learn to feel as one grand unity—a unity in diversity, full of rich variety and yet knowing well the fundamental oneness of life. India is on the high road towards political unity and freedom and must, while treading with a royal tread in that path, preserve the sweetness of her soul. But whether India shall purge herself of her faults or not, she is the Goddess in our eyes and our life is one

of incessant and supreme adoration for the Goddess India.

> "Crowned with the loftiest mountains' spotless snows
> Thy lotus feet kissed by the smiling seas,
> Around thy form a tranquil sunlit peace
> Or dark-hued clouds lit with the lightning's glows
> Thou shinest. Nature in her gladness throws
> Each year an emerald mantle O'er thy trees
> And fruitful fields. The amorous southern breeze
> Breathes fragrance as it softly sings and goes
> What joy to have the blessed gift of birth
> In trees with low-bowed head to kiss thy frame,
> To gaze upon Thy glorious golden face,
> O sweetest 'mid thy noted climes on earth,
> O Thou with sweet symphonious heavenly name
> O Thou bright dower'd with God's benignant Grace!"